

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1834.

No. 31.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

AMIABLENESS SUPERIOR TO INTELLECT.

IN our article, the other day, upon the gossiping old gentleman who appeared to sympathise so excessively with the lady's tooth-ach, we omitted to caution some of our readers against supposing that we were contradicting our usual sympathetic theories, and laughing at any innocent exemplification of them, however trivial. But though the gentleman was harmless, except in his tediousness, and not an ill-natured man, and did far better than if he had set himself to waste an equal portion of time in the manifestation of antipathy, yet sympathy was not the ground of his proceeding: it was pure want of ideas and a sensation,—the necessity of killing time. We should not object even to any innocent mode of doing that, where a human being lives under a necessity so unfortunate, and has not the luck to be a hedger or ditcher: but it is desirable not to let sympathy be mistaken for something different from what it is, especially where it takes a shape that is ridiculous.

On the other hand, with regard to the common-place of the matter, apart from an absolute extravagance of insipidity, far are we from wishing to treat common-places with derision, purely as such. They are the common clay of which human intercourse is made, and therefore as respectable in our eyes as any other of the ordinary materials of our planet, however desirous we may be of warming them into flowers. Nay, flowers they have, provided the clay be pure and kindly. The air of health and cheerfulness is over them. They are like the common grass, and the daisies and buttercups. Children have them; and what children have, the most uncommon grown people may envy, unless they have health and cheerfulness too.

It is Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who has observed somewhere, that men of superior endowments, or other advantages, are accustomed to pay too little regard to the intercourse of their less gifted fellow-creatures, and to regret all the time that is passed in their company. He says, they accustom themselves so much to the living upon sweets and spices, that they lose a proper relish for ordinary food, and grow contemptuous of those who live upon it, to the injury of their own enjoyment. They keep their palate in a constant state of thirst and irritation, rather than of healthy satisfaction. And we recollect Mr Hazlitt making a remark to a similar effect, namely, that the being accustomed to the society of men of genius renders the conversation of others tiresome, as consisting of a parcel of things that have been heard a thousand times, and from which no stimulus is to be obtained. He lamented this, as an effect unbecoming a reflecting man and a fellow-creature (for though irritable, and sometimes resentful, his heart was large and full of humanity); and the consequence was, that nobody paid greater attention than he to common conversation, or showed greater respect towards any endeavours to interest him, however trite. Youths of his acquaintance are fond of calling to mind the footing of equality on which he treated them, even when children, gravely interchanging remarks with them, as he sat side by side, like one grown person with another, and giving them now and then (though without the pomp) a Johnsonian "Sir." The serious earnestness of his

"Indeed, m'm!" with lifted eyebrows, and protruded lips, while listening to the surprising things told him by good housewives about their shopping or their preserves, is now sounding in our ears; and makes us long to see again the splenetic but kindly philosopher, who worried himself to death about the good of the nations.

There is but one thing necessary to put any reflecting person at his ease with the common-place; and that is, their own cheerfulness and good-humour. To be able to be displeased, in spite of this, is to be insensible to the best results of wisdom itself. When all the Miss Smiths meet all the Miss Joneses, and there is nothing but a world of smiles, and recognitions, and gay breath, and loud askings after this person and that, and comparisons of bonnets and cloaks, and "So glads!" and "So sorrys!" and rosy cheeks, or more lovely goodnatured lips, who that has any good humour of his own, or power to extract a pleasant thought from pleasant things, desires wit or genius in this full blown exhibition of comfortable humanity? He might as well be sullen at not finding wit or genius in a cart full of flowers going along the street, or in the spring cry of "Primroses."

A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but it is a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above every thing else in their most habitual associates, much less in general intercourse. Happy would they be to see intellect more universally extended, but as a means, not as an end,—as a help to the knowledge of what is amiable, and not what is merely knowing. Clever men are sometimes said even to be jealous of clever companions, especially female ones. Men of genius, it is notorious, for a very different reason, and out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent, nor amiable, nor handsome. They make them all three, with their fancy; and are sometimes too apt, in after-life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own. However, their faults have their excuses, as well as those of other men; only they who know most, should excuse most. But the reader may take our word for it, from the experience of long intercourse with such men, that what they value above every other consideration, in a companion, female or male, is amiableness; that is to say, evenness of temper, and the willingness (general as well as particular) to please and be pleased, without egotism and without exaction. This is what we have ever felt to be the highest thing in themselves, and what gave us a preference for them, infinite, above others of their own class of power. We know of nothing capable of standing by the side of it, or of supplying its place, but one; and that is, a deep interest in the welfare of mankind.

The possession of this will sometimes render the very want of amiableness touching, because it seems to arise from the reverse of what is unamiable and selfish, and to be exasperated, not because itself is unhappy, but because others are so. It was this, far more than his intellectual endowments (great as they were), which made us like Mr Hazlitt. Many a contest has it saved us with him, many a sharp answer, and interval of alienation; and often,

perhaps, did he attribute to an apprehension of his formidable powers (for which, in our animal spirits, we did not care twopence) what was owing intirely to our love of the sweet drop at the bottom of his heart. But only imagine a man, who should feel this interest too, and be deeply amiable, and have great sufferings, bodily and mental, and know his own errors, and waive the claims of his own virtues, and manifest an unceasing considerateness for the comfort of those about him, in the very least as well as greatest things, surviving, in the pure life of his heart, all mistake, all misconception, all exasperation, and ever having a soft word in his extremity, not only for those who consoled, but for those who distressed him; and imagine how we must have loved him! It was Mr Shelley. His genius, transcendent as it was, would not have bound us to him; his poetry, his tragedy, his philosophy, would not have bound us; no, not even his generosity, had it been less amiable. It was his unbounded heart, and his ever kind speech. Now observe, pray, dear reader, that what was most delightful in such a man as this, is most delightful, in its degree, in all others; and that people are loved, not in proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their love-ability. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world, but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet.

It has been truly said, that knowledge is of the head, but wisdom is of the heart; that is, you may know a great many things, but turn them to no good account of life and intercourse, without a certain harmony of nature often possessed by those whose knowledge is little or nothing. Many a man is to be found, who knows what amiableness is, without being amiable; and many an amiable man, who would be put to the blush if you expected of him a knowing definition of amiableness. But there are a great many people held to be very knowing, and entertaining the opinion themselves, who, in fact, are only led by that opinion to think they may dispense with being amiable, and who in so thinking confute their pretension to knowingness. The truth is, that knowledge is by no means so common a thing as people suppose it; while luckily, on the other hand, wisdom is much less uncommon; for it has been held a proof of one of the greatest instances of knowledge that ever existed, that it knew how little it did know! whereas every body is wise in proportion as he is happy or patient; that is to say, in proportion as he makes the best of good or bad fortune.

A Resource.—It is neither paradoxical, nor merely poetical, to say

"That seeking other's good, we find our own."

This solid yet romantic maxim is found in no less a writer than Plato; who, sometimes in his moral lessons, as well as his theological, is almost, though not altogether, a Christian.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays*, (Third Edition, just published.)

THE "HANS SACHS" OF DOVER.

[The following letter and verses, some of which we have extracted from much longer poems, all exhibiting a real power struggling with conventional forms of language, will speak for themselves. All we shall say to the author is, let him stick to his trade and his verses too, for thus he will reconcile duty and pleasure, and help the world to learn how noble and manly a thing is every useful employment, and capable of being associated with elegant recreation. We must own that we cannot patronize the keeping of birds in cages, any more than we would the keeping of a man in one, if birds were lords of the creation, and fond of catching Brahmans and Catalanis; but we publish the verses connected with it, partly because of their freshness, and partly to show how the kindest and most reflecting natures may be led to give into a custom without thinking of it—nay, even while pitying its victims. But our author will tell us, perhaps, that he did not imprison the bird; he only found it imprisoned, and retained it so. There is a perplexity in that point, we acknowledge; but the custom should be discountenanced, especially by the considerate. Imprisonment is a melancholy state for any creature; but, of all creatures, a winged one is surely the most unfit for it. Suppose Mr D. writes some verses on *that* view of the subject?]

Dover, August 31, 1834.

SIR,—The account you have given in one of your late Numbers, from 'Carlyle's German Literature,' of a "Guild of Poets!" in Nürnberg, and the circumstance of one of my own calling, the redoubted Hans Sachs, being the prime head of the fraternity, led me to think of my own attempts in the same way; and as I have no desire to be "left standing on my own basis as a singular product," as was the honest German, I have, through the opportunity of a friend going to London, resolved to try if I could *base* myself—though a shoemaker—on the favour of the 'London Journal,' and find some "seat-room" for the few pieces I have herewith forwarded for the purpose. Believe me, Sir, the hardihood of this attempt I know well; I know (and yet, alas! too poorly know) who is to scrutinize my pretensions; and have some conception of the manner in which an Editor is haunted by "Poets!" and must be haunted, notwithstanding a thousand letters of Goethe's were to be reprinted, to keep the "order" in some sort of abeyance. All this I know well, and as proof to you that I, like the rest, am not to be easily deterred, I do as I do, and await with fear and trembling the awful result of your answers to Correspondents, which, though couched with such art and delicacy, are yet, I surmise, in all cases, not without their bitter.

I am, Sir, your admirer,
and as such your grateful
and most obedient servant,

J. D.

P. S. I hope, under the circumstances in which I write, you will excuse all that may be excusable, and set my errors down, not so much to an inability of knowing better, as to a want of an opportunity of ever being put in the way of knowing. Like the spider, I have been compelled to spin from my own in-gatherings, never having the aid of another as to the taste or solidity of my manufacture. I have weaved my own woof, like the witch in Gray, and must be content with its quality, indifferent or absolutely bad, as it may be; there is no choice—for myself there is not, but with you the matter is otherwise.

A BIRD'S KNOWLEDGE.

Could'st thou but tell to me, my pretty bird,
The now sole cheerer of my passing home,
What in the far-off fields to thee occur'd,
When there, the live-long day, thou us'd to roam,
'Twould make, I think, sweet verse!

Tell what thou'st witness'd in thy freedom's day,
And haply will thy bondage lighter seem;
As oft the soul, when pleasant fancies play,
Creates again fresh being in its dream:
Come tell the charming tale!

How thou did'st look upon the opening morn,
As starting from thy rest within some tree,
And saw the sun glint o'er its blushing bourn,
And forcing into life, all gallantly,
Making the dark clouds fall!

TO MY ROBIN ON HIS SINGING BY CANDLELIGHT.

Whence comes, sweet thing, this wond'rous confidence,
Soft singing in a light thou ne'er could'st know,
When thou did'st nestle in the hedge-row's fence,
To slumber on till day again might grow?
Whence comes it, or who taught thee thus to vie
With the far famous sorcerer of the night?
Or seek'st thou with the poet but to try
How thou can'st, too, promote thy own delight,
Finding employment in the bosom strain
That comes in lonely hour to soothe one's pain?

SONNET.

[On seeing a Rainbow stretch across the Channel
from Dover to the opposite Coast of France,—
Saturday Evening, August 30, 1834.]

Magnificent Phenomenon! with thee
Can aught of beauty in this world compare,
As now thy proud arch runneth o'er the sea
In all its mixture of rich colours rare?
Thrown superb 'gainst the concave Heavens,
there!
Thou send'st thy brilliance down on either side
On Britain and the Gaul-land o'er the wave,
As they in peace were ever to abide.
Oh! bow of Mercy! be thou then our guide
To keep this feeling worshipp'd, for 'twill save
The Nations from much wrong and hurtful pride,
And many a worthy one from timeless grave.
Let thou, or seen, or not, be understood
As the bright type of universal good!

Indian Hospitality.—The virtue of hospitality in India, as elsewhere, prevails most in the wilder and more unfrequented districts. "I sometimes frequented places," says Forbes, "where the natives had never seen an European, and were ignorant of every thing concerning us; there I beheld manners and customs simple as were those in the patriarchal age; there, in the very style of Rebecca, and the damsels of Mesopotamia, the Hindoo villagers treated me with that artless hospitality so delightful in the poems of Homer, and other ancient records. On a sultry day, near a Jinore village, having rode faster than my attendants, while waiting their arrival under a tamarind tree, a young woman came to the well; I asked for a little water, but neither of us having a drinking vessel, she hastily left me, as I imagined, to bring an earthen cup for the purpose, as I should have polluted a vessel of metal; but as Jael, when Sisera asked for water, gave him milk and 'brought forth butter in a lordly dish,' so did this village damsel, with more sincerity than Heber's wife, bring me a pot of milk, and a lump of butter, on the delicate leaf of the banana, the lordly dish of the Hindoos. The former I accepted; on my declining the latter, she immediately made it up into two balls, and gave one to each of the oxen that drew my hackery. Butter is a luxury to these animals, and enables them to bear additional fatigue.—*Oriental Annual.*

Sensible Apartment.—A very extraordinary practice, which might perhaps be advantageously imitated in more civilized communities, prevails among the superior classes of Hindoos. They have in their houses an apartment called *Krodhagara*, or "The Chamber of Anger," in which any member of the family who happens to be out of temper, shuts himself up, until solitude has medicined his rage. When sufficient time for reflection has been allowed, the master of the family goes and endeavours to bring back the seceder to the domestic circle. If by chance it should be a woman, he inquires what she wants. To this, perhaps, she replies, that she desires to have a large fish to eat every day—having probably seen one in the hands of some female member of the family,—or a palanquin and bearers to carry her daily to the river to bathe; or a large sum of money to perform the worship of some idol; or rich garments, and costly and beautiful ornaments. Having obtained her wishes, she consents (to borrow a vulgar English adage) "to come out of Coventry."—*The Hindoos.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

MILITARY—TRIAL OF SPENCER COWPER, AFTERWARDS JUDGE COWPER, AND GRANDFATHER OF THE POET.

No comment need be made upon this singular case, except, perhaps, that the poor girl, after all, was less in love than she took herself to be; otherwise she never would have left such a sting in the mind of an honest and well-meaning man. Wilfulness was pre-dominant over lovingness.

Spencer Cowper, a barrister-at-law, of fair character and honourable family, in the reign of King William, and in the full career of a profitable practice, was accused of murdering the daughter of a wealthy quaker at Hertford; a charge for which he was tried at the assizes of that place, eleven years after the revolution. And it must be confessed that there were circumstances in the conduct and behaviour of Mr Cowper, and other persons associated with him in the indictment, which, though not sufficient absolutely to fix and bring home the crime upon them, certainly required explanation.

Repairing to Hertford, as was his custom, at the assizes, he had been prevailed on by pressing and repeated invitations from the fair quakeress, to dine, and pass a good part of the afternoon and evening at the house of her mother, a respectable widow, with whom she lived. He had been with her almost the whole of the time without a third person; was the last who had been seen in her company; and, at a late hour of the night, they had both gone out of doors, while the servant was warming a bed, as she supposed for Mr Cowper.

The unhappy female returned no more, and the first news her miserable mother heard, after a night of agitation, suspense, and anxiety, was, that the corpse of her daughter had been found floating in a river not far from their dwelling.

It is not necessary to describe the acute sufferings of a parent, or the silent mortification of a fraternity who, if they have more than one fault, it is, that, with considerable temptations to triumph, they somewhat overvalue themselves, in excelling most men in purity of manners. The coroner, after as fair and impartial an inquiry as he was able to make, pronounced it a case of lunacy; and the family followed their poor kinswoman to the grave, with the hopeless regret that such kind of deaths generally produce.

But reports unfavourable to the deceased, and to the visitor of her family, were industriously circulated by folly or by malice. Certain ignorant or prejudiced bye-standers asserted that they saw a dark, circular mark round her neck, as they drew the body from the water, and that the distention which generally takes place in drowned bodies was not observed. From these, and other circumstances hastily taken up, they rashly concluded, that the young lady had by no means destroyed herself, but that some unwarrantable method, probably strangling, had been made use of, to shorten her life, before she was thrown into the river.

It was also proved that a party of gentlemen, friends and acquaintances of Mr Cowper, and some of them attendants on the judges of the assize, had arrived at Hertford the night the deceased was missing; that they were heard to make her the subject of their conversation, and to use the following remarkable expression soon after their arrival: "Her courtship days will soon be over; a friend of ours will quickly be even with her."

It ought further to be mentioned, that party politics had for many years run high at this place; that Mr Cowper's father, and we believe, his brother, were at the period in question sitting members for the town, after a warm and strongly contested election; for these and other reasons, it was supposed that many circumstances were exaggerated, and that the opportunity was thought favourable, and eagerly seized on by an exasperated minority, to cast an odium on the family and connexions of a successful candidate; the quakers also were anxious to remove the stigma of suicide and intrigue from a member of their society.

Whatever were the motives of the different persons concerned, the public mind was highly agitated, and the populace inflamed. After much cavil and clamour, the body was disinterred, and accurately examined by professional men, who, after a long and elaborate discussion, determined that there were strong grounds for suspecting Mr Cowper and his associates of being guilty of murder. The gentlemen were immediately taken into custody, and arraigned at the ensuing assizes.

The position of a man of unblemished reputation, liberally educated, and by his connexion and profession generally known and respected, thus, at once accused of murder, attended with circumstances of peculiar foulness and aggravation, naturally excited a general curiosity and attention, and produced a crowded court. To remove not only from himself, but his friends, the danger as well as disgrace attached to so shocking a charge, Mr Cowper brought

a number of physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, eminent in their day,—Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Garth, and a namesake, but not relation, of the barrister's, a diligent and accurate dissector, who ought never to be named without praise; these, and many other gentlemen proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that the arguments adduced by the medical men, in support of the prosecution, were unfounded and inconclusive; that the circumstance of the corpse having little or no water in the stomach, did not originate from its being dead previous to falling in, but that it frequently occurred with suicides, who plunge in, determined resolutely to die. That the case was very different with those drowned by accidents, who, in their efforts to emerge, and often to call for assistance, generally struggle for some time, and swallow a considerable quantity of water.

This, and much more of scientific theory, abstruse reasoning, and anatomical explanation, in which judges, jurymen, and all unprofessional men, must be governed by the decisions of others, was long and fully urged on both sides, and concluded in favour of the opinion, that the young woman had thrown herself into the river.

In answer to what had been said of a mark round her neck, it was denied by several respectable witnesses that any such appeared: they agreed that there was a discoloured spot below the ear, and another near the collar bone, but neither of them circular, or such as a cord drawn tight on the neck would have left; they were accidental bruises, probably produced by the body falling against piles, near which it was found, or settlements of blood, not unfrequent, on such melancholy occasions.

After a long and impartial examination of a variety of witnesses, Mr Cowper was asked what he had to say in his defence. Struggling between the urgency of his case, and the laudable delicacy which has been generally observed in anything that collaterally or directly relates to such subjects, he was compelled to confess, that the unhappy young lady, on account of whose death he appeared that day at the bar of a court in which he had so often pleaded, had long secretly nourished, and at length expressed, a strong attachment to him, which, as a married man, and as the father of a family, he had dissuaded her from giving way to, by every means in his power.

The letters, in justice to himself and the gentlemen who, by some strange concurrence of circumstances, or some perverse misrepresentation, had been implicated with him in the charge, he would presently submit to the inspection of the court; but he wished first to give a plain unvarnished tale of the whole of his conduct with respect to the deceased.

Mr Cowper then proceeded to observe, that when she saw no probability of her passion meeting with approval, she became low-spirited, melancholy, negligent of her dress, and had been heard in different places and by various persons, to drop expressions of discontent and despair, purporting that her abode in this world would be of short duration; of which, in due time, he would bring sufficient evidence. The very evening they spent together, he observed, the last evening of her life, the conversation, which he little thought of ever repeating in public, was passed in soothing and, he had trusted, salutary advice on his part, and in tears and tender reproaches on hers; and he threw himself, he said, on the pity of every person present of either sex, to spare his entering into further details on the subject, when he solemnly declared that no alternative remained, but his quitting the house peremptorily and abruptly, with a female endeavouring to convince him that he should not do it, or forgetting the line of conduct which in every respect became him.

Mr Cowper then appealed to the general tenor of his life and conversation, to which he called many and respectable witnesses. He asked if any reasonable motive could be adduced for his atrociously murdering one who had long been his client, the object of his most friendly regard and commiseration, and who, without any encouragement from him, had yielded to a fatal infatuation, which deprived her of life; one who, but for this fatal weakness, might have been a credit and comfort to her family? He hoped that the situation in which he stood would not only excuse but justify his making public that which otherwise would never have passed his lips; and having entered into a long, circumstantial, and satisfactory account of many particulars, which it is not necessary to repeat, and after producing strong vouchers in confirmation of all that he had said, he concluded with taking two letters out of his portfolio, which the deceased had addressed to him. These strongly corroborated the defence in every particular.

Such letters, the more singular from having been written by a quaker, and one, too, whose general deportment had been consistent with the prudent manners of the society, raised the curiosity of the court and excited the attention of the judge, Mr Baron Hatsell, who desired to look at them. Having perused them as a literary novelty, and seeing a brother of the deceased, he demanded of him what he thought of the hand-writing? "It is like my sister's," replied the honest sectary, struggling between his

love of truth and fraternal affection; "but the sentiments avowed are so contradictory and inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and conversation, that I hesitate in believing them to be hers."

The same question being put to her mother, the poor lady answered with the asperity of a parent bereft of her darling daughter, under circumstances so appalling;—"Nothing will persuade me that these abominations proceeded from the heart or the pen of Sarah; I believe not a word of all that has been said." Many of the intimate friends, however, of the family, and several persons unbiased by the ties of nature, interest, or corporate feelings, were reluctantly compelled to confess, that the hand-writing resembled that of the deceased as nearly as possible; and that to the best of their knowledge and belief, they considered her as the writer of the letters in question.

The persons indicted with Mr Cowper being called upon to explain their singular conversation (before alluded to) on the night of their arrival at Hertford, replied that Mr Marshall, a common friend of themselves and Mr Cowper, had formerly paid his addresses to the deceased; that for a certain time she encouraged, but at length refused his offers; and that when they understood Mr Cowper was at her house, their chat over their cups was unguarded concerning her, having often joked Mr Marshall on the subject; that the words produced against them they remembered to have made use of, but they only meant, perhaps in a spirit which they did not pretend to justify, that the barrister ought not to be very scrupulous in his treatment of a woman, who had behaved like a jilt and a coquette to her former lover.

The accused parties were honourably acquitted.

A DOMESTIC ADMISSION INTO THE SPECULATIONS OF A GREAT AND LOVING MIND.

(From Mrs Austen's 'Characteristics of Goethe.')

In the summer of 1809, one afternoon, I called (says a friend) on Goethe, and found him sitting in the garden enjoying the mild weather. Katz, the landscape painter, for whom he had a singular regard was also there. Goethe sat at a small garden table; before him stood a long-necked glass, in which a small live snake was moving about with great vivacity; he fed it with a quill; and made daily and minute observations upon it. He maintained that it knew him already, and raised its head to the edge of the glass, as soon as he came in sight.

What splendid, intelligent eyes! said he. A great deal was half finished in this head, but the awkward writhing body would not allow much to come of it. Nature, too, has cheated this long, ensheathed, organization of hands and feet; though this head and these eyes might well have deserved both. Indeed, she frequently leaves such debts unpaid, at least for the moment, though sometimes she afterwards pays them under more favourable circumstances. The skeletons of many marine animals clearly show, that, when she made them, she was full of the thought of some higher race of land animals. Very often, working in an ungenial and untractable element, she was obliged to content herself with a fish's tail where she would evidently have used to give a pair of hind feet into the bargain—nay, even where the rudiments of them are clearly discerned in the skeleton.

Near the glass which contained the snake lay some chrysalids of caterpillars, whose forthcoming Goethe was expecting. They showed a remarkable mobility, sensible to the touch. Goethe took them off the table, watched them eagerly and attentively, and then said to his boy—Carry them in doors, they will hardly come out to-day. It is too late now. It was four in the afternoon.

At this moment Frau von Goethe (Madame Goethe) came into the garden.

Goethe took the chrysalids out of the boy's hand, and laid them again on the table.

How magnificent that fig-tree is in leaf and blossom, exclaimed Frau von Goethe to us from a considerable distance, as she advanced towards us along the middle walk of the garden. After greeting me and receiving my salutations in return, she immediately asked me whether I had gone close to the fig-tree to admire it. We will not forget, said she, at the same time addressing herself to Goethe, to have it matted next winter.

Goethe smiled and said, Let yourself be shown the fig-tree—and that directly—or we shall have no peace this evening. And it really is worth seeing, and deserves to be handsomely dealt with and provided for.

What is the name of the exotic plant, resumed Frau von Goethe, which a man lately brought us from Jena?

Do you mean the great hellebore?

Yes, it thrives admirably.

I am glad of it. We shall make a second Antia, of this place, in time.

There, I see, lie the chrysalids—have you seen nothing yet?

I laid them there for you. Do listen, I beg of you (taking them again in his hand and holding them to his ear), how it knocks; how it jumps; and will burst forth into life!

Wonderful would I fain call these transitions of nature, were not the wonderful in nature the most usual and ordinary. But we must not omit to let our friend here partake of this sight. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, the butterfly will probably be here, and a prettier, more elegant thing you have seldom seen in your life. I know the caterpillar, and I summon you to attend to-morrow afternoon, at the same hour, in the garden, if you have a mind to see something more remarkable than the most remarkable of all the remarkable things Kotzebue saw on his long journey to Tobolsk, in the most remarkable years of his life.* Meanwhile let us put the box in which our yet unknown beautiful sylph lies enclosed, and decks herself in all her splendour for to-morrow, into a sunny window in the summer-house.

So there you stand, my nice, pretty child. Nobody will interrupt you in this corner, nor disturb you while you are completing your toilet.

Well, for my part, said Frau von Goethe, casting a side glance at the snake, I could not endure such a nasty thing as that near me, still less feed it with my own hands. It is such a disagreeable creature! It makes me shudder to look at it.

Hold your tongue, replied Goethe,—though, tranquil as he was himself, he was generally not displeased at this vivacity of expression in those around him.

Yes, added he, turning to me, if the snake would but spin himself a house, and turn into a butterfly to oblige her, we should hear no more about nasty things. But, dear child, we can't all be butterflies, nor fig-trees dressed with flowers and fruit. Poor snake! they despise you! they should treat you better! How he looks at me! How he rears his head! Is it not as if he knew that I was taking his part? Poor thing, how he is pent up there, and cannot come forth, how fain soever he be! Doubly, I mean, first in the glass, and then in the scaly case in which nature has enclosed him.

As he said this, he began to lay aside his reed pencil, and the drawing paper to which he had made some strokes towards a fantastic landscape, without seeming the least interrupted by the conversation.

The servant brought water, and while he was washing his hands, he said, to return once more to Katz, the painter, whom you must have met as you came in, the sight of him is most agreeable and refreshing to me. He is exactly the same in every respect in Weimar as he was in the Villa Borghese. Every time I see him it is as if he brought a bit of the *dolce farniente* of the Roman atmosphere of art, into my presence. As he is here, I will arrange a little scrap-book of my drawings. We constantly talk a great deal too much; we ought to talk less and draw more. I, for my part, should be glad to break myself of talking altogether, and speak like creative nature only in figures. That fig-tree, that little snake, the chrysalis that lies there on the window, quietly awaiting its new existence,—all these are frequent signatures, indeed he who could decipher them might well afford to dispense with the written and the spoken. The more I reflect upon it, the more it strikes me that there is something so useless, so idle, I could almost say so buffoonish in talk, that one is awe-stricken before the deep solemn repose and silence of nature, as soon as one stands withdrawn into oneself, and confronted with her, before some massive wall or rock, or in the solitude of some venerable mountain.

I have brought together a number of varieties of plants and flowers, said he, pointing to the fantastic drawing before him, strangely enough here, on this piece of paper. These spectres might be yet more wild and fantastic, and the question might still remain, whether the originals of them are not actually to be found in some part of the world or other.

In design, the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inmost being; and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which (as far as relates to their fundamental plan) rest intirely on design and modelling;† these are the language in which she reveals them.

The combinations in this field are so infinite, that they afford a place even for the exercise of humour. I will take only the parasitical plants; how much of the fantastic, the burlesque, the bird-like, is contained in their fleeting characters! Their flying seeds perch like butterflies on some tree, and feed upon it till the plant is full grown. Thus, rooted in the very bark, we find the mistletoe, from which bird-lime is made, growing like a branch out of the pear-tree. Here, not content with fastening itself as a guest, it forces the pear-tree to supply its very wood out of its own substance.

* Die merkwürdigsten Jahre meines Lebens. The title of Kotzebue's book.—Trans.

† Zeichnung und plastic. It might be Englished,—outline and form.—Trans.

The moss on trees, which is also a parasite, belongs to the same class. I have some very fine preparations of this tribe of plants, which undertake nothing on their own account, but deposit themselves, in all directions, on something that comes ready to their hand. I will show you them at some favourable opportunity—remind me of it. The peculiar construction of the rooty part of certain shrubs, which also belong to the parasitical class, is explained by the ascent of the sap, which is not drawn (according to the common course of nature) from a rude, earthy matter, but from one already organized and fashioned.

No apple grows from the middle of the trunk, where all is rough and woody. A long series of years, and the most careful training are necessary to transform the apple-tree into a fruitful, succulent tree, sending forth blossom and then fruit. Every apple is a globular compact mass, and, as such, requires both a great concentration, and at the same time an uncommon refining and perfecting of the juices which flow into it from all sides.

Figure to yourself Nature, how she sits, as it were, at a card-table, incessantly calling *au double*!—i. e. exulting in what she has already won, through every region of her operations; and thus play on into infinitude. Animal, vegetable, mineral, are continually set up anew after some such fortunate throws: and who knows, whether the whole race of man is anything more than a throw for some higher stake?

During this agreeable conversation, evening had closed in; and as it was grown too cool for the garden, we went up stairs into the sitting-room. Some time after, we were standing at the window, the sky was thick-sown with stars. The chords in Goethe's soul, which the open air in the garden, and the works of nature had struck, still quivered, and during the whole evening their vibration was not stilled.

All is so vast, said he to me, that an end—a cessation of existence—is nowise to be thought of. Or do you think it possible that the all-creating Sun may be intirely effete with the production of his own planetary system; and that his earth-and-moon-creating power may be intirely gone out of him, or lie utterly inactive and useless? I can by no means believe this. It appears to me extremely probable, that beyond Mercury, which is still small enough, a still smaller star will sometime or other become visible. We see, it is true, from the position of the planets, that the projectile power of the Sun is notably decreased; since the greatest masses in the system are at the greatest distance from him. In this way to pursue our reference, the time may come that the projectile force may be so exhausted, that the attempted projection of a planet may miss. If the sun cannot sever and cast off the young planet to a proper distance, like its predecessors, he will, perhaps, have a ring, like Saturn's, form itself around him, which, being composed of earthly particles, would reduce us poor earth-inhabitants to a sad condition. And, indeed, the shadow of such a ring would produce a not very cheering effect upon all the other planets of our system. The genial influence of light and heat must naturally be greatly diminished by it, and all organizations whose development is their work, must in their several degrees be cramped and stunted by it.

On this view of the subject, the spots in the sun might certainly cause us some uneasiness for the future. Thus much is certain, that at least, in all that we know of the past history and the laws of our planet, there is nothing to prevent the formation of a solar ring, though, to be sure, it would be difficult to assign any time for such an event.

A Caution to Uncharitable Judgments of Extraordinary Men.—The world is habitually unjust in its judgments of such men (as Burns); unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance. It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes, and not positively, but negatively; less on what is done right, than on what is, or is not, done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the ratio of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet, its diameter the solar system, or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind condemnation of such men as the Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbour with shrouds and tackle damaged, and the pilot is therefore blameworthy, for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how worthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 29th October, to Tuesday the 4th November.

THE FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666.

IN consequence of the late event in the metropolis, of which every body is talking, but which it does not fall within the province of our Journal to write upon, we have been looking into our books to see what we could lay before our readers this week respecting some other event of the like sort. We have to apologize to them for not being able to find anything better than an extract out of a production of our own; but it is not for want of the inclination to do so. We would have given them a better account of the great fire of London, could we have found one. As it is, we may observe that the present narrative, though forming part of a work of fiction, was carefully founded on passages in authentic writers. It is taken from 'Sir Ralph Esher, or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second,' a work which was announced as a novel, but which it would have been better to publish solely as what it was intended to be,—the imitation of a real set of translated Memoirs,—an humbler and more scrupulous Count de Grammont. The hero, who is a courier but a good fellow, is giving the account of the fire himself:—

I was pondering on these things one night, as I was sitting in the parlour at Mickleham, looking on a beautiful moon, and delaying to go to bed, when Bennett came in and told me that there was a dreadful fire in London. One of the tradesmen had brought news of a dreadful fire the day before; but, as every fire was dreadful, and I had seen the good people of London run away from a cow, crying out "a mad bull," I had thought nothing of it, and was prepared to think as little of the new one. The old gentleman, however, assuring me that both fires were one and the same, that it had burnt a whole night and day, and was visible as far as Epsom, I thought it time to see into the truth of the matter. I ordered my horse, and promising to bring back a correct account, purely to satisfy the house that there was no such thing (for some of the domestics had kindred in London), I set off at a round gallop, looking towards the north, as if I could already discern what I had doubted. Nobody was stirring at Leatherhead, but at Epsom, sure enough, there was a great commotion; all the people being at their doors, and vowing that they saw the fire, which, however, I could not discern. That there was a fire, however, and a dreadful one, was but too certain, from accounts brought into the town, both by travellers and inhabitants; so, with the natural curiosity which draws us on and on upon much less occasions, especially on a road, I pushed on, and soon had pretty clear indication of a terrible fire indeed. I began to consider what the King might think of it, and whether he would not desire to have his active servants about him. At Morden the light was so strong, that it was difficult to persuade oneself the fire was not much nearer; and at Tooting you would have sworn it was at the next village. The night was, nevertheless, a very fine one, with a brilliant moon.* Not a soul seemed in bed in the village, though it was ten o'clock. There was a talk of the French, as if they had caused it. By degrees, I began to meet carts laden with goods; and on entering the borders of Southwark, the expectation of the scene was rendered truly awful, there was such a number of people abroad, yet such a gazing silence. Now and then, one person called to another, but the sound seemed as if in bravado, or brutish. An old man, in a meeting of cross roads, was haranguing the people in the style of former years, telling them of God's judgments, and asserting that this was the pouring out of that other vial of wrath which has been typified by the fiery sword,—a spectacle supposed to have been seen in the sky at the close of the year sixty-four. The plague was thought to have been announced by a comet.

Very different from this quieter scene was the one that presented itself on my getting through the last street, and reaching the water-side. The comet itself seemed to have come to earth, and to be burning and waving in one's face, the whole city being its countenance, and its hair flowing towards Whitehall in a volume of fiery smoke. The river was of a bloodish colour, like the flame, and the sky overhead was like the top of a pandemonium. From the Tower to St Paul's there was one mass of devastation, the heat striking in our eyes, and the air being filled with

* Evelyn, speaking of this night, says that it was "light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner." 'Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 361. second edit. 4to. Sir Ralph does not seem to make the light so strong, but he does not absolutely say it was otherwise. Perhaps Evelyn speaks of a later hour. The flames appear to have become visible afterwards to the distance of forty miles.—EDIT.

burning sparkles, and with the cries of people flying, or removing goods on the river. Ever and anon distant houses fell in, with a sort of gigantic shuffling noise, very terrible. I saw a steeple give way, like some ghastly idol, its long white head toppling, and going sideways, as if it were drunk. A poor girl near me, who paced a few yards up and down, holding her sides as if with agony, turned and hid her eyes at this spectacle, crying out, "Oh, the poor people! oh, the mothers and babies!" She was one of the lowest of an unfortunate class of females. She thought, as I did, that there must be a dreadful loss of lives; but it was the most miraculous circumstance of that miraculous time, that the fire killed nobody, except some women and infirm persons with fright.

I took boat, and got to Whitehall, where I found the King in a more serious and stirring humour than ever I saw him. Mr Pepys, begging God to forgive him for having an appetite at such a crisis, and interrupting his laughter, at the supper they gave him, with tears of pity and terror, had brought word to his Majesty that the whole city would be destroyed, if some of the houses were not blown up. The King accordingly not only dispatched myself and others to assist, but went in person with his brother, and did a world of good. I never saw him look so grim, or say so many kind things. Wherever he went he gave the people a new life, for they seemed dead with fright. Those who had not fled (which they did by thousands into the fields, where they slept all night) seemed only to have been prevented from doing so, by not knowing what steps to take. The Lord Mayor, a very different one from his predecessor, who showed a great deal of courage during the plague, went about like a mad cook with his handkerchief, perspiring, and lamenting himself; and nobody would have taken the citizens for the same men who settled my court friends at the battle of Naseby. The court, however, for that matter, was as frightened as the city, with the exception of the King and one or two others; so terrible is a new face of danger, unless there is some peculiar reason for meeting it. The sight, indeed, of the interior of the burning city was more perilous, though not so awful, as its appearance outside. Many streets consisted of nothing but avenues between heaps of roaring ruins, the sound of the fire being nothing less than that of hundreds of furnaces, mixed up with splittings, rattlings, and thunderous falls; and the flame blowing frightfully one way, with a wind like a tempest. The pavement was hot under one's feet; and if you did not proceed with caution, the fire singed your hair. All the water that could be got seemed like a ridiculous dabbling in a basin, while the world was burning around you. The blowing up of the houses, marked out by the King, was the ultimate salvation of some of the streets that remained; but, as a whole, the city might be looked upon as destroyed. I observed the King, as he sat on his horse at the beginning of Cheapside and cast his eyes up that noble thoroughfare; and certainly I had never seen such an expression in his countenance before. Some said that he now began to see the arm of heaven in these visitations, and that he resolved to bethink himself from that time, and lead a new life. I know not how it was: the new life certainly was not led; but his thoughts were very solemn; perhaps they would have been more so, had not a madman pretended to show him the arm of heaven literally stretched over the city, "like unto the arm of a blacksmith;" and had not another afterwards, (who got hung for it) pretended that he helped to set the city on fire, and that the Papists had employed him. The poor wretch was a Papist himself, and numbers believed him. Others said the French did; others the Dutch; and others the Republicans; particularly as the 3rd of September, that is to say, the day on which it did not break out, was the anniversary of Cromwell's victory of Dunbar. Many thought that all these, Papists and Protestants, had made up a plot; but the opinion that secretly obtained most ground was, that it was a punishment for the sin of gluttony; the greatest argument, next to the looks and consciences of the aldermen, being the appalling fact, that the fire began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pye Corner. The fire raged four days and nights; and on the 5th of September, London, from the Tower to Fleet street, was as if a volcano had burst in the midst of it and destroyed it, the very ruins being calcined, and nothing remaining in the most populous part to show the inhabitants where they had lived, except a church here and there, and an old statue. I looked into it three days afterwards, when the air was still so hot, that it was impossible to breathe; and the pavement absolutely scorched the soles of my shoes.

The loss of property by the fire was of course far greater than that by the plague; and yet, assuredly, it was not felt a thousandth part so much, even in the city; for money, with the lovers of it, is not so great a thing, after all, as their old habits and affections. The wits at court never chose to say much about the plague; but the fire, after the fright was over, was a standing joke; and the beneficial consequences to the city itself soon became manifest, in

the widening and better building the streets, an improvement which came in aid of the cleanliness which was resorted to against the plague; so that instead of a judgment against the King and his government, Rochester said, in his profane way, that heaven never showed a judgment of a better sort.

SPECIMENS OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

VOITURE.

VINCENT VOITURE (says the General Biographical Dictionary) once celebrated as an elegant French writer, was the son of a wine merchant, and born at Amiens, in 1598. His talents and taste for the belles lettres gave him considerable celebrity, and easily introduced him to the polite world. He was the first in France distinguished for what is called *bel esprit*; and though this is all the merit of his writings, yet this merit was then great, because it was uncommon. His reputation opened his way to court, and procured him pensions and honourable employments. He was sent to Spain about some affairs, where, out of curiosity, he passed over to Africa. He was mightily caressed at Madrid, where he composed verses in such pure and natural Spanish, that everybody ascribed them to Lopez de Vega. It appears by his letters that he was in England in 1633. He made two journeys to Rome, where, in 1638, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Humoristi; as he had been of the French Academy in 1634. He was the person employed to carry the news of the birth of Louis XIV to Florence; and had a place in the household of that monarch. He had several considerable pensions from the court; but the love of play and women kept him from being rich. He died in 1648. He wrote verses in French, Spanish, and Italian; and there are some very fine lines written by him, but they are but few. His 'Letters' make the bulk of his works, and have been often printed, in two vols. 12mo. They are elegant, polite, and easy; but, like the genius of the writer, without nerve or strength. Boileau praises Voiture excessively; and doubtless, considered as a polisher and refiner in a barbarous age, he was a writer to be valued; yet his letters would not now be thought models, and are, indeed, seldom read. Voiture, says Voltaire, gave some idea "of the superficial graces of that epistolary style, which is by no means the best, because it aims at nothing higher than pleasantry and amusement. His two volumes of letters are the mere pastime of a wanton imagination, in which we meet with not one that is instructive, not one that flows from the heart, that paints the manners of the times, or the characters of men; they are rather an abuse, than an exercise of wit." With all this insignificance, Voiture's 'Letters' cost him much labour; a single one took nearly a fortnight, a proof that his wit came slower in writing than in conversation, otherwise he would never have been the delight of every company. Pope appears to have had a good opinion of these letters, as he thought them a suitable present for Miss Blount, and never seems to have suspected that this was not paying that lady's delicacy any great compliment.

Notions of delicacy vary with times and manners. The compliment paid to Miss Blount was such as would have been gladly received by any lady of that period, as may be seen by what is addressed to ladies of all ranks and times of life, in the works of contemporary writers. Voiture's pains-taking to be easy amounts to the ludicrous; yet he has succeeded, after his fashion; and it can be easily understood how he may have talked with facility, though he wrote slowly; for personal manner, and the warmth of intercourse, supply what is wanting in the one instance; whereas a letter is to be read deliberately, and in cooler moments; and the writer is thus put upon striving to do his best. We cannot think, with Voltaire, that our author has failed so intirely in painting the manners of the times; for, not to mention the features that occasionally transpire, he has, at all events, given us an egregious picture of the delicacies of his own coxcombry, half banter, and half in earnest. He is the Brummell of flatterers; and his letters should be read accordingly in the last new tone. It is astonishing how this fetches them out. If the reader cannot do it for himself, or chuse to do it, he should fancy them read out by some actor of stage-dandies.

Voiture was one of the artificial wits, whose race was swept away by the manlier genius of Molière. His talent, however, though beaten out and thinned into such trifling, was genuine, and in the subsequent age might have given him a far solidier repu-

tation. The first of the ensuing letters, which is addressed to a celebrated brother wit and letter-writer, is surely exquisite of its kind,—the quintessence of exaggeration. That to the Marchioness of Rambouillet, the great blue-stocking of her day, and patroness of hyperbole, is more extravagant, and not so nicely managed. His ludicrous comparisons with Alexander, now-a-days would be taken for pure affronts to a woman's understanding. But surely these are also specimens of "manners;" and now and then, during his most extravagant moments, it is impossible to help admiring his wit and grace.

But pray let the fancy of the reader mince and dandify the words in perusal.

TO MONSIEUR DE BALZAC.

SIR,—If it be true that I have always kept the rank which you tell me I have held in your memory, methinks you have shown but a very indifferent concern for my satisfaction, in delaying so long to impart the pleasing news to me, and suffering me to be the happiest of men, without dreaming I was so. But perhaps you were of opinion, that this very good fortune was so infinitely above anything I could in reason hope for, that it was necessary you should take time to invent arguments to render it credible, and that you had occasion to employ all the power of rhetoric, to persuade me I was not forgotten. And thus far, at least, I must needs own you have been very just; for, in resolving to let me have nothing but words for all the affection you owe me, the choice you have made of them has been so rich and so beautiful, that, let me die, if I believe what they assure me of would be of greater value. This, at least, is certain, that they would suffice to counterbalance any friendship but mine. I am only discontented at one particular, viz. that so much artifice and eloquence should not be able to disguise the truth from me; and that in this I should resemble your own shepherdesses, who are too simple to be beguiled by a man of wit.

Nay, I know not if the very extravagancies of a soul so exalted as yours are not too serious, and too reasonable to descend so low as to me. And I shall esteem myself too obligingly treated, if you have but so much as dreamed of your loving me; for to imagine that you have actually reserved a place for me amidst those sublime thoughts, which are, at present, employed in recompensing every one's virtues, and distributing shares of glory to mankind,—to imagine this—would be an excessive presumption. I have too high sentiments of your understanding to believe you would be guilty of what is so much below you, and I should be unwilling your enemies should have that to object to you. I am perfectly satisfied that the only affection which you can have justly for any one, is that which you owe to yourself; and that the precept of studying oneself, which is a lesson of humility to all but you, ought to have a contrary effect in your instance, and oblige you to contemn whatever you find in others.

I have not seen anything of yours done since your departure which does not surpass all you have done before; and by your last works you have the honour of excelling him who excelled all others. It cannot therefore appear strange, that when you have so much reason to be contented, you should yet be complaining; and that you yourself should be the only great man who remains dissatisfied with you.

For my own part, I have always in so public a manner professed myself so, that if, through ill-fortune, I should not be able to love you as much as I have done, yet here let me swear to you, that you shall be the only man to whom I will dare to declare it; and that I will always proclaim myself, to the rest of the world, to be as much as ever,

Your, &c. &c.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,—Though my liberality should, as you tell me, surpass the bounty of Alexander, it would nevertheless be richly recompensed by the thanks which you have returned me for it. He himself, as boundless as his ambition was, would have confined it to so rare a favour. He would have set more value on this honour than he did on the Persian diadem; and he would never have envied Achilles the praise which he received from Homer, if he could but himself have obtained yours. Thus, Madam, on this pinnacle of glory whereon I stand, if I bear any envy to him, it is not so much to that part of it which he acquired himself, as to that which you have bestowed upon him; and he has received no honour which I do not hold inferior to mine, except it be that which you did him, when you declared him your gallant. Neither his vanity, nor the rest of his flatterers, could ever persuade him to believe what was so advantageous to him; and the quality of Son of Jupiter Ammon was abundantly less glorious. But if any thing comforts me for the jealousy which it has raised in me, it is this, Madam,—that knowing you so well

as I do, I am pretty well assured, that if you have done him this honour, it is not so much on the account of his being the greatest of mankind, as of his having been now dead these two thousand years. However, we here find cause to admire the greatness of his fortune, which not yet forsaking him, so many years after his decease, has added to his conquests a person who gives them more lustre than the daughters and wife of Darius; and which has gained him a mind greater than the world he conquered. I ought here to be afraid, after your example, of writing in a too lofty style. But how can the writer be too sublime who writes of you, and of Alexander? I humbly beseech you, Madam, to believe that I have for you a passion equal to that which you show for him; and that the admiration of your virtues will oblige me to be always, Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

TO MADEMOISELLE RAMBOUILLET.

MADAM,—I do not at all wonder you laughed so heartily when you wrote me word of the strange, unaccountable report which is spread of me; namely, that I have neither goodness nor friendship in me; for really nothing was ever uttered more ridiculous; and you had good reason to hear it in the same manner, as if you had been told that Mons. de Chaudbonne robs on the highway, or has married the daughter of Mons. Des—'s gentleman. For my part, I cannot help wondering that such a false opinion, and so unguarded a calumny should have extended so far, and infected three provinces; and whoever gave it birth, he who did it must be the most dangerous person on earth. I will inquire diligently to find out the author or authors; and if I discover it, I positively will be revenged, even be she or they as lovely and terrible as yourself.

You told me some time ago, Madam, a piece of news to which I made no answer, because I was then in the dumps; but since you inform me of the report which is now spread, I must say, that I think the other is as strange as ever I heard. Though I am, as well as any one, acquainted with the charms of the Marchioness de***, I shall never have done wondering how, at a time when she had no man living in her thoughts beside her Doctor and her Cook, when she was dressed in the Rataan we saw, with two or three napkins about her head; how, I say, she could then win the heart of a man so hard to please, as I take the Marquis to be, and send a lover to sigh for her in the Thebaid deserts? The spark you mention would have done well to go after him; or if he did not care for taking so long a journey, he might at least have turned hermit upon the Valerian mountain. But in sober sadness, instead of putting the questions you propose to me from him, he had better hold his tongue, and not speak again these seven years. Nevertheless, Madam, I will answer them, since you desire it. The first,—“Why, being dressed in blue, he always seems dressed in green?” is one of the most arduous questions I ever heard proposed in any science whatever; and, for my part, I cannot find what can be the cause, unless the gentleman, instead of rising at one in the afternoon, and being dressed by three, as he used to be formerly, is now grown more lazy, and never appears but by candle-light. However it be, I should advise him to wear green, in order to see whether he will not then seem dressed in blue. As for the second,—“Which I would have him resolve upon, to take La Motte, or to deliver me out of the hands of the Saracens?” Without a grain of selfishness, I think this last enterprise, besides its being the juster of the two, is also the more difficult, and consequently the more glorious. There are five-and-twenty thousand foot and six thousand horse, who are to take care to guard me with as much care as Guelldres and Anvers; yet he has no need to be frightened at this; for Hector the Brown did alone defy five-and-thirty thousand men in Northumberland, and I do not think he was so valiant as our friend; and then he has no occasion to apprehend that he shall have any want of laurels here: the finest to be found in all Europe grow in this country. On my side, I promise him, I will take care to see to them, and get the crowns made. But, besides Saracen soldiers, he will have Saracen ladies to fight with too; some of whom will not quietly see me taken from them; and the report which you tell me is spread all over three provinces, is not yet come to one of the seventeen. I have not so ill a character here as I have in the place where you live; and it is believed, that though I should not be so very much inclined to love, I should nevertheless be worthy to be beloved. Yet, Madam, I own this is no consolation to me; and I shall think myself very wretched, if, among all the persons in France for whom I have so great a respect, there is not one who has such a good opinion of me as to believe that my heart is formed as it should be; that I can constantly honour those who deserve it, and infinitely love those who are infinitely lovely. I cannot tell what you, for your part, think of it; but, I assure you, no one has less cause to doubt it; and I am as perfectly as I ought to be, and as you could wish, Madam,

Your, &c. &c.

TO MONSIEUR DE CHAVIGNY.

[A real delicacy and feeling almost intirely pervade this letter.]

SIR,—Take notice, I beg you, how far people have extended the report of the credit I have in you. Mons. Esprit, who is going to court with a letter of recommendation from M. to you, thought it would be better if I recommended him to you, and I was so vain, that I chose rather to be so bold as to do it, than to tell him that I durst not. He is really, sir, one of the most agreeable men breathing; his mind is just such a one as you love; he is very good, very wise, very learned, a very great divine, and a very great philosopher; yet he is not one of those who despise riches; and as he is positive he should know how to make a right use of them, he would not be sorry if he could obtain a good abbey; for which Madame d'Aiguillon has written to my lord cardinal. That will depend on his eminence; but it will depend upon you to give him a good reception, and that is all he desires. After the character I have bestowed on him I believe it is needless to add the humble supplication I make you in his behalf; and I only do it because he desires I would, and I have been always used to do whatever he would have me. But, sir, having said thus much for his interest, I hope the rules of friendship do not forbid me to say something of my own, and to beg you will do me the honour to continue loving me, and to believe that I am, Sir,

Your, &c. &c.

Paris, June 5, 1641.

SPECIMENS OF THE ESSENCE OF POETRY.

[From a capital article in the 'Dublin University Magazine.' This is the first time we ever really knew what admirable poets existed in old times in Ireland,—men full of the union of an heroic vigour with a woman's feeling. The italics are the writer's own marking, and argue no little critical fortitude in being so spare. We should have been tempted to score almost all the verses, from the whole of the first pathetic and most poignant stanza, down to the exquisite delicacy of the darted javelin at the conclusion.]

The affection of the hereditary bard, it will at once be seen, is, primarily, reverence to the principle of sacred duty ultimately shaping itself, through regard to the point of honour, into its second nature of personal attachment. It is, in a word, piety concentrated into loyalty, natural religion supplying the instinct of natural love. Neither foster-father, nor father himself, could feel more yearning affection for his son, could more anxiously express the fondest alarm for his safety, or more proudly exult in his achievements, than does the bard O'Hussey for his chief, but not relation, Hugh Maguire! We take the extract from Mr Hardiman's unpublished collection in the Egerton MSS., British Museum.

O'HUSSEY'S ODE.

Cold weather I consider this night to be for Hugh!
A cause of grief is the rigour of its show'ry drops;
Alas! insufferable is
The venom of this night's cold.

This night, it grieves my heart,
Is fraught with the thunder-flashing heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The flood-gates of heaven are let loose;
The vapours exhaled from the salt sea;
The firmament pours down in torrents.

Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
Or one of the winged fowls of air,
He could not bear the rigour of this weather.

Mournful I am for Hugh Maguire
This night in a strange land,
Under the embers of thunderbolts, amid the
showers flaming,
And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

In the country of Clan Daire
It grieves me that his fate should be so severe:
Perhaps drenched with the cold wet dripping off
the thickets;
Perhaps exposed to the high heaven's floods.

Cold seem to me your two cheeks strawberry-red,
As the fury of the cloud-gathering storm
Impels the weather-winds of the aerial expanse
Against the royal hero of resplendent Galeng.

Sore misery to us, and torturing our bosoms
To think that the fine front and sides of his comely
frame
Should be ground by this rough, sullen, scowling
night
In cold steely accoutrements!

His kind-dealing hand, which punished cruelty,
By frost made numb;
Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree—
Oh, bleak and dreary is this night for Hugh!

Overflowed by the tempestuous torrent
Are the low banks of the cold rivulets;
The lawns of pasture are locked in ice,
So that the cattle cannot graze.

Drenched are their borders also,
So that the inhabitants cannot perceive
The quick-flowing edges of the sunny clear streams:
To keep dry the huts is impossible.

Fearful to him is the excessive rigour
In some intricate wood, 'mongst bones of mon-
sters:
A bright retrospective glance on peaceful days
Were now a torrent to Mac Niadh's tender heart.

This, however, brings the warmth
To his tranquil clear countenance,
His warriors charging like bright billows of the sea,
Wafted in fleeces, wind-borne, fire-flashing.

Unkindled fires shall warm him
Though frost should glaze the glistening dew of
his eyes,
Though his fine fair fingers should be bound in icy
gauntlets,
And his garments be the red-flaming thunderflash.

Far from the journey of Hugh Maguire
Are Munster's green woods, waving to the fair
setting sun in the west;
Her splendid mansions, rich and hospitable,
And a country without frost or misery.

AVRAN.*

Hugh marched, though it grieved me, with his host
to battle,
And his tresses soft curling are hung with ice—
Cause of warmth to the hero are the shouts of war,
And the many mansions lime-white which he laid in
ashes.

O'Hussey was a poet. There is a vivid vigour in these descriptions, and a savage power in the consolation drawn from their antithetical climax, which claim a character almost approaching to sublimity. Nothing can be more graphic, yet more diversified, than his images of unmitigated horror, nothing more gradually startling than his heroic conception of the glow of glory triumphant over frozen toil. We have never read the poem without recurring, and that by no unworthy association, to Napoleon on his Russian campaign. Yet perhaps O'Hussey has conjured up a picture of more inclement desolation, in his rude idea of northern horrors, than could be legitimately employed by a poet of the present day, when the romance of geographical obscurity no longer permits us to imagine these Phlegrean regions of endless storm, where the snows of Hæmus fall mingled with the lightnings of Etna, amid Bistonian wilds or Hyrcanian forests. This ode possesses a new interest in our papers, for it is the first our readers have yet met, in which description has not been altogether sacrificed to sentiment. But O'Hussey's descriptions are pervaded by intense sentiment, and here there is no sacrifice of either—a rare conjunction of felicities in Irish song.

While the impression is still hot, let us complete the vindication of O'Hussey's claim to descriptive power, pious sentiment, and devoted loyalty. Hear how he strikes out Tiege MacBrian at a single heat:—

How thy wrath springs and bounds
In thy free, ember-like, ruddy aspect,
Like a destructive thunder flash!
Is it the fright of war, or peril of battle,
Excessive anger, or oppression of rulers,
That convulse thy mind,
Thou rak'd-up ember of Connaught!

Again, a battle-piece that makes us almost think we snuff the "war-clouds rolling dun" of Thomas Campbell,—

Heroes polishing their glowing weapons
Sounding trumpets loudly martial,
A frosty foggy wind with whistling darts flying—
These are the music in which you delight at early
dawn.

Here again, a scene of intense mystic romance, a Salvador Rosa partner for Keats's

— "Magic easements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery-land forlorn."

The perilous ways of the borders of Leinster:—
Borders of slow-calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe,
The intricate deserts of Annemahide.

* A concluding stanza, in which the condensed sentiment of the piece is given as in the epigraph of an heroic poem.

Between the wooded banks of Barrow, and the steep steps of Blackstairs lie many a black bog and misty valley girdling their grey wall of mountain, with solitude which, we can well imagine, whispered moaning horror from inextricable swamps and thickets, where Kavanagh held sylvan court in Saint Mullins, and O'Hussey made his hearers shudder in the hall of Tempo, at the perils of the dark Leinster borders. Here it was that the ill-fated Richard wound his disastrous way through woods and quags, for six weeks, with Art MacMurrough hanging on his discomfited march, and Henry Bolingbroke turning his reluctant stay to royal account, at home; but neither kern nor quagmire could stop the progress of that Iron Saxon, who first made his way through the scattered clans of Byrne, Toole, and Kavanagh, and from the maiden passes of Kill-Edmond, and the sleepy hollow of Scallagh Gap, carried the fire and sword of the republic through bog and glen, and breached castle wall, from Ballyburris to Waterford and Clonmel. Kill-Edmond is no longer, in O'Hussey's words,—

The breast of mountains, and wind-whirling vales,
Where no host dare cross.

Yet, were we an exciseman, we should prefer making our descent upon the bogs from Graig or Carlow. But to return to O'Hussey, of whose descriptive excellence we have had abundant proof; let us, by one more extract, exhibit him in his pious character of a faithful and true clansman. His ode is now for Cuconnaught, in the north, with Hugh.

But I would not deem the weather inclement,
If I were with him in his distress:
How happy would I be this night,
If I were under one garment with Cuconnaught!
I would not complain of the rude winds,
When standing on the watch for him;
Nor the pelting rain would I regard, though drenched
my garments,
Beside Hy Duach of tempests!

But the didactic devotion of this declaration is consumed in a glow of adoring affection, when he apostrophises the chief himself,—

Thou joy! thou promise! thou sprightly salmon!
Thou beauteous azure ocean wave!
Thou pourer of panic into the breasts of heroes!

This excels Macpherson; O'Hussey is no unfit representative of the true Ossian, but Ossian was a Prince, and O'Hussey sought no higher honour than to be the bard of Maguire. Maguire was his theme, his mark, his sacred butt for devoted shafts of endless and untiring panegyric. "Be on thy guard!" he cries, aiming at his idol's heart.

Be on thy guard, for I will dart
This lay as a javelin east from me!

And could he, like Cupid in Anacreon, shoot himself bodily into the soul of his chief, he would follow his swift iambs to their reluctant destination. Whether the next O'Hussey would as successfully fulfil his military duty by the next Maguire, must have been more than doubtful; for such writing as this as we have just seen, is not to be expected in every generation; but whether or not he might equal his father in poetic art and in fervour of poetic feeling, we have no doubt he would not have been deficient in pious emulation of loyal will.

* What *δυναμὶς* in the tortuous energy of the epithet!

PRETTY STORY OF AFFECTION IN CHILDHOOD.

(From Mr Clarke's 'Adam the Gardener'.)

[We have been given to understand, on the best authority, that this agreeable little picture of mixed liveliness and tenderness (the most agreeable of all pictures) is from the pen of a lady. We mention this, because it is always pleasant to know how much one is obliged to the sex; and the more modest they are in their pretensions, the more delightful does it become to show one's gratitude.

We take this opportunity of stating, that the book we lately inquired after,—Mr Clarke's new and purified edition of Chaucer, with the spelling modernized,—will appear early next month.]

Dame Barton was an honest, hard working woman, who lived with her husband and son, in a small hut under Dover Cliffs. Her husband was a fisherman, and as industrious as herself; for he laboured night and day at his trade to support his wife and child, till one dreadful day he was drowned in endeavouring to save the crew of a ship, that was wrecked in sight of the hut, on the sea-shore.

About three months after his death, as little John Barton was sitting one evening, mending a net for a neighbour, opposite to his mother, he suddenly exclaimed, Oh, mother, how tired you must be of spinning! You have sat at your wheel ever since four o'clock this morning, and now it is seven o'clock, yet you have hardly stirred from your work.

It is the only means of getting you a bit of bread, Johnny, since poor father left us.

Don't cry, mother, said little Johnny, running towards her; but I do so wish that I could do something myself to earn money enough to keep you from sticking so close to that bur—bur—burring wheel; I mean something of real use to you, continued he, as his mother looked at the net which he had been mending; I wish I could do something better than mending the meshes of old nets.

You do enough for your age, dear, said his mother, and we shall manage to go on quite well while the summer lasts; all I dread to think of is the winter.

O, mother, if you should have your rheumatism come on then, what would you do? I wish I were older to work for you.

I cannot bear to think of it, answered his mother, weeping; if I should have my old complaint come back, I should not be able to work any longer, and then who is to take care of my poor Johnny? I have not a friend in the world that I could send to for help, if I were ill.

Don't you recollect, mother, the French gentleman you have often told me about? perhaps he would help you, if he could know you are so poor.

But he lives in Paris, and I can't write, so how is he to know the state I am in? answered his mother; or else I am sure he would never suffer any one belonging to the deliverer of his child to die of want. Besides, I well remember, (for many's the time I have heard my dear husband tell me the tale), when the child fell over the side of the vessel which was just ready to sail, and your dear father, plunging into the waves, brought back his infant safe and sound, and smiling in his face, the gentleman, after bending his head for an instant over the dear dripping babe, to hide his streaming eyes, (for, let a gentleman be never so manly, it's more than he can do to keep from crying like one of us, when he sees his own flesh and blood saved from death), he turned to your poor father, and said, in a fluttering-like, yet grand kind of voice, too—"Barton, you have done more for me than if you had saved my own life; I can never hope to repay you for the happiness you have given me at this moment, yet"—Before he could finish what he was going to say, your poor father turned away, saying, "Lord bless your honour, don't thank me; it's no more than what you'd have done for my Johnny, I'll swear, if you had seen him drop overboard like your young thing there." Your father was proud enough, then, Johnny, and he told me that he guessed that the gentleman was going to reward him, so he jumped into his boat which lay alongside, and the vessel sailed away immediately, and he never heard anything more of the gentleman; but though your father didn't want anything at that time from any body, being able, as he was, to gain his own living comfortably and honestly, much less to have a reward for having saved an innocent fellow-creature's life, yet I can't help wishing he'd made a friend of the gentleman, who couldn't but be grateful.

How long ago was this, mother? said John, after thinking a little while.

It was eight years since, come Midsummer day; I should surely remember it, continued Dame Barton, for when my good John Barton came home with an honest flush on his brow, and first told me the story, I looked on the dear babe I held in my arms, and thanked God it was not my own dear Johnny which had run the chance of a drowning death, instead of the little stranger. You were then a little more than a fortnight old, for to-morrow's the third of June, you know, your birthday, Johnny; and then you will be exactly eight years old.

Do you think the gentleman has forgotten what my father did for him, mother? asked Johnny, after another and a longer pause.

I don't think he has, but I can't say, for gentlemen are apt to be forgetful. Perhaps, however, he has never been to England since then.

Little John said no more, but went on very busily with his work; so busily, indeed, that when his mother looked at him again, she saw that he had finished his job.

Why, how quickly you have worked, Johnny, said she, you didn't think to have done that net till to-morrow morning, did you?

No, mother, answered John, but when I am talking to you, and thinking hard, it's surprising how the work gets on; I'm glad I've done it though, continued he, rising to put by his mesh and twine, for I shall be able to take it to Bill Haul to-night, instead of to-morrow, as I promised him.

But it's getting dark, dear, I'm going to put away my wheel, said his mother.

Oh, it's not too late, mother, I shall be there and back before you have put by your spinning-wheel, and got the haddocks out ready for supper; so good bye, good bye, mother, added he, seeing that she did not prevent his going, and off he ran.

He's a dear, good little soul, and that's the truth on't, said Dame Barton to herself, as she listened to the eager footsteps of the boy, which crashed among the shingles, growing fainter and fainter every minute, till at last their sound could no longer be distinguished from the restless washing of the waves on

the beach. I'm sure I oughtn't to be the one to check him when he's doing a good-natured turn for a neighbour.

It was a beautiful evening, and as little John Barton ran along the beach, he took off his hat, and unbuttoned his shirt-collar, that he might enjoy the cool breeze, for the day had been very sultry.

This air blows towards France, said he, half aloud, for I know that France lies over there across the blue water, and Paris is in France, and he lives in Paris. Oh, how I do wish, exclaimed he, passionately, and suddenly stopping short, and straining his eyes over the wide sea, how I do wish I could go to Paris! I would find him out—I would see him—I would tell him—I will, I must go, said he, interrupting himself, and again running forward. When he arrived at the cottage where his friend Bill Haul lived, he found a strange man there, speaking with Bill's father, whom he did not at first take any notice of, but kept on talking with Bill about the net; however, presently he noticed that the man talked in a different tone from what he usually heard, and used his arms very violently while he spoke, and, at last, John thought that he heard him say the word France, though in the same curious voice he had before noticed.

Isn't that man a Frenchman, Bill, that's talking to your father? asked John.

Yes, he's wanting father to buy a cargo of apples and eggs he has brought from France, and he's in a hurry to strike his bargain, because he wants to be aboard again by four o'clock to-morrow morning, but never mind him, Jack, he speaks such gibberish, that—

Did you say he was going to France at four o'clock to-morrow morning, Bill? interrupted little John.

Yes, the tide serves then to make the harbour of Boulogne, I heard him say, so he wants to be off—do but hear what a chattering the French mounseer makes, said Bill, who was about fourteen years of age, and thought it looked manly to ridicule a Frenchman. By this time the bargain was concluded between the fisherman and the apple-merchant, and, as the latter left the cottage, John Barton took rather a hasty leave of his friend, and ran after the stranger, whom he overtook just as he reached the beach.

Sir, Mr Frenchman, said John, as he approached him, somewhat out of breath,—sir, I want to speak to you if you please.

Heh, what you say, littel boy? said the man, turning round.

A'n't you going to France, sir? said John.

Yes, I am, to-morrow morning, *et puis*, but what den, my littel shild?

Why, sir, I want very much to go to France, and if you'd be so good as to take me in your boat—

Take you in my boat; what for should I do dat? answered the Frenchman.

Why, I can give you nothing for taking me, to be sure, said John; I have neither money nor anything else of my own to give away, but I will work as well and as hard as ever I can: I can mend nets, and I can tar boats, and I can—

Stop, stop, stop, interrupted the Frenchman, I was not tinking of what you could give me, or what you could do for me, but I was tinking what should be the use if I was to take you in my *bateau*—in my boat.

Oh, then, you will take me, sir! O, thank you, sir, said John, eagerly; what use did you say, sir? Oh, I want very much to go to France to find a gentleman who I hope will be a friend to my poor mother.

Your moder, did you say, my littel friend—if you want to go to France to do good to your moder, you must be *de bons fils*—de good son, so you shall go wid me in my *bateau*.

Oh, thank you, kind Frenchman, taking his hand and shaking it, and pressing it to his bosom, so overjoyed that he scarcely knew what he did, or what he said; then I will come to the harbour, by four to-morrow, and you will be there and take me. I shall be sure to find you?

Oui, yes, returned the Frenchman, you may come, but be sure you do not be too late after—you must be quite positivement a littel before four, because I would not lose *de marais*, dat is to say de what you call de tide, for de universe. So saying, he walked away in the direction of Dover town, leaving John to pursue his way home to the hut under the cliffs.

By this time the twilight had gradually given way to the coming on of night; and John Barton had been so earnestly engaged in talking and arranging his plan of going to France, that he had not perceived the increasing darkness. The sea that lay calmly before him, and the wide heavens that were above him, were both so exactly the same deep blue colour, that they seemed to touch and be one vast space, except that the waters beneath now and then broke into little white sparkles on the tops of the waves, and the sky over his head was bright with many stars. The cliffs around, with their white fronts stretching down towards the beach, looked cold and ghastly, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard but the flapping wings of a solitary sea-gull

and the distant cry of the sailors keeping time to their pulling altogether, as they hauled in their cables.

Little John could not help stopping for a moment to look round upon a scene which, although seen by him every day, yet seemed now to look particularly beautiful, and, at the same time, of a kind of awful loveliness. Now that he stood quite alone, and had time to think, he felt that he had just done a very bold thing in undertaking to make so long a voyage of his own accord, and without having asked the advice of anyone, no, not even the advice of his own mother. And then came the thought of what she would say when she found what he had done. I know, thought he, I am doing right, for I am trying to do good to my mother, and perhaps if I had asked her leave first, she would have been afraid to let such a little boy as I am go all alone, and with strangers, too; but then no one would hurt such a little fellow as I, I am sure; and then she would think that I never should be able to travel in France, because I have no money, and I can't speak French, which I have heard everybody speaks in France, even the little boys and girls, and she would be afraid I should have no bed, and be obliged to lie in the fields, and then she would perhaps forbid me to go, which I should be very sorry for, because I should not like to disobey her, yet all the time I should know I ought to go; for though there will be a great many difficulties, to be sure, yet I feel that if I try hard and do my best to get through them and help myself, that God will be so good and kind as to take care of me. Little John, as he thought of all this, looked over the blue waters, and felt the tears come in his eyes, and a kind of swelling sensation come over his breast, and it seemed to him as if he had never prayed so earnestly in all his life, though he could not say a word. Just then he recollected that it must be very late, and that he had stayed away from home so long that his mother would be uneasy; so he ran as quickly as he could towards the hut, determining that he had better not mention his intention of going to his mother at all.

Why, Johnny dear, said she, as he bounced into the cottage door quite out of breath, what a long time you have been away. I suppose neighbour Haul kept you?

John felt inclined to say, yes, mother; but he knew it would not be quite the truth, so he said, I stayed a little time talking with Bill Haul, mother, and I stayed the rest of the time on the beach, but, if you please, mother, I would rather you wouldn't ask me what I stayed there for.

Very well, dear, said his mother; no harm, I dare say.

No, indeed, mother, answered John; and they sat down to their supper of dried fish, onions, and brown bread.

What ails you, child, a'n't you hungry, said his mother, observing that he cut off his usual portion of bread and fish, but that, instead of eating it at once, he took only a small piece of each, and put by the rest.

Thank'ee, mother, I don't wish the whole of it to-night, said John, for he thought that he should want something to take with him the next morning, and he did not like to deprive his mother of any more than he could help, as she could so ill afford to spare it. And then he was still more glad that he had not told his mother of his intended voyage, for, even if she had allowed him to go, she would have given him everything that she had in the house, and left herself intirely without food.

When the time came for going to bed, and little John wished his mother good night, as she placed her hand as usual on his head, and said, God bless you, my comfort, he again felt the swelling sensation at his breast, and was very much inclined to throw himself into her arms, and tell her all he had intended to do for her; but he checked himself, and saying, May He be a friend to us, kissed his mother fervently and tenderly, and ran hastily into his own little room, where he threw himself on his straw mattress, and was soon soundly asleep.

The first thing when he awoke, he was alarmed to see that it was already light, and feared that the sun must be risen. He jumped up, put on his clothes as quickly as he could, put up his two remaining checked shirts in a bundle together, with two more pair of grey stockings, and tying his best handkerchief (which his mother had given him for a keepsake) round her spinning-wheel, as a sort of farewell remembrance, for he could not write, he left the cottage, and ran as fast as he could along the sea-beach, eating part of the remainder of his supper as he went. It was not until he had reached the harbour, that he found the sun was already up, for the cliffs hindered him from seeing it while he was on the beach underneath them; he was afraid it was very late, and asked a man who was standing with his hands in his pockets looking at a crab that lay kicking on its back among some sea-weed, what o'clock it was. The man carelessly answered, without looking up, past four.

Oh, dear! I shall be too late; what shall I do? exclaimed little John. Master, continued he, turn-

ing again to the man, who was now scraping some sand with his foot over the sprawling crab, I say, master, have you seen a Frenchman about here this morning?

The man stared for a moment full in little John's face, and said, Lord, how should I know! and then returned again to his stupid cruel amusement.

Oh, dear me! what shall I do?—but I had better not stay here, thought little John, I must do as well as I can, and try to find him out for myself. He went towards a few men whom he saw at a little distance, who seemed to be watching some fishing-boats going out. As he pushed into the midst of them, he felt himself touched on the shoulder, and on looking round, he saw his friend, the Frenchman.

Ah, my littel ami, my littel friend, said he, you are very good time here, I see.

Oh, I am glad I have found you, I was afraid I should be too late, for a man told me just now, that it was past four o'clock.

No, no such ting, answered the Frenchman, it is half a hour past tree only.

Oh, I am so glad, for then there will be time for me to run and leave a message with Bill Haul for my mother, who, I am afraid, will be frightened, when she finds I have gone away.

The Frenchman agreed, telling him to mind and be back in time, and so John went to Bill Haul, and told him all about his intended journey to France, begging him to go every day and see his mother, and be kind to her, for his sake, while he was away. Bill Haul promised all this, for he loved little John Barton for his good nature and obligingness, so that when John returned to the harbour he felt much happier than he did before, now that he knew his mother would know where he was, and that she would have some one to go and help her in his absence. At first, John Barton was very happy on board the Frenchman's boat, helping him and two other men who were aboard to work the vessel, but when he had been there about an hour and a half, he began to feel very sick at the stomach, and his head ached so much, that he had a great mind to ask Jacques Bon-temps (which was the name of the captain of the little French vessel), if he might go into the cabin and lie down for a little while; but as he saw that he and the men were busy, he thought he would manage as well as he could for himself; so seeing a large boat-cloak in a corner, he threw himself upon it, and had not lain long there before he felt quite recovered, which perhaps would not have been the case if he had gone below, as the warm air of a confined cabin is more likely to bring on sea-sickness than to relieve it. The fresh air of the deck, and his being constantly at work, made him quite well; and when the Frenchman came to him to see if he wanted any breakfast, he found that he was very hungry. He produced a small bit of dried fish and some crust, which was all that was left of his provision, and began to eat it.

Ah, my poor littel ami! What, is dat all what you have for your dejune?—for your breakfast. Stop, stop! Stay, let me see if I cannot give you something better.

The kind Jacques went and fetched him some boiled eggs, wine, some bread, and something which he called *fromage de cochon*.*

John thanked him, and eat it very heartily; but he mixed some water with the wine. Jacques Bon-temps, who was watching him, said: Ah, ha! it is all very well dat you put de water to de wine now, but you will like it quite by itself when you have been a littel time in France. What for are you going to France? continued he, and for how long time?

John answered that he did not know how long he should be there, but he was going to try and find out a gentleman who lived in Paris.

And what name is de gentleman? and what street in Paris does he live in? asked Jacques.

But when little John told him he knew neither, and that he had no money, nor could not speak a word of French, the good-natured Frenchman lifted up his hands and eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed: *Bon Dieu, est il possible!* My poor littel friend, how will you do to travel all dat way if you have no money? I would myself go wid you and show you de way, but I must not leave my *métier*—my trade; and I have very littel money to give away, but what I can give, I will. So saying, the good man took out a half-franc piece† and fifteen sous,‡ and gave them to little John Barton, who had scarcely ever had so large a sum in all his life.

[To be concluded in our next Journal.]

* This literally means pig-cheese: it is pork cut into bits, with sweet herbs, and pressed into a shape, looking something like brawn.

† Good God! is it possible?

‡ A small silver coin, worth five pence English.

§ A sous is worth an English halfpenny.

Self-Riches.—At an inn in Sweden, there was the following inscription in English on the wall, "You will find at Trollhathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them with you*;" and this will almost serve for a description of human life, so much depends upon the temper that events are met with, and on the prudence that foresees and provides against them.—*Sharp's Letters.*

TABLE TALK.

Benefits of Ventilation.—For several weeks before the plague broke out in London, in 1665, there was an uninterrupted calm, so that there was not even sufficient motion in the air to turn a vane. And at the season in which the last plague visited Vienna there had been no wind for three months. To produce agitation in the air, fires were formerly lighted, and pieces of artillery discharged, means altogether inefficient to cause a considerable commotion in the atmosphere at large, though a fire is extremely serviceable in renewing the air of apartments in houses: the only means adequate to this end are beyond our controul, though they frequently take place at the moments of the utmost need: these are storms and hurricanes which, however desolating in their immediate effects, are instruments of great, though less obvious good. After the hurricane which proved so destructive to the inhabitants of the West Indies, in 1780, less disease occurred than had been known before; even those who laboured under sickness at the time were benefited by it; fever, diarrhoeas and dysenteries, but, above all, disorders affecting the lungs, were cured. Cases of intermittent fever were observed to be cured by an earthquake at Caracas, in March, 1812. (See 'Brande's Quarterly Journal of Science' for 1817, vol. II. p. 401.) After the expectation of a storm, plants give out more oxygen, which accounts for the delightful and life-giving freshness of the air, of which every one is sensible who walks out into the fields immediately afterwards.—One of the most convincing proofs of the different influence of foul and pure air is to be found in the 'Report of the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin.' In the space of four years, ending in 1784, in a badly ventilated house, there died 2944 children out of 7650. But after freer ventilation, the deaths in the same period of time, and in a like number of children, amounted only to 279. Attention to this point will prove a protection from numerous causes of disease. The annual mortality of Manchester, in 1757, was 1 in 25, and in 1729, 1 in 28; but in 1811, it was 1 in 74; a change mainly attributable to the improvements in ventilation effected by Drs Percival and Ferriar.

Opinions of Aristotle.—The works of this philosopher (of which, however, only forty-eight exist, out of a multitude supposed to have amounted to four hundred) embrace nearly the whole range of human knowledge as it existed in his day. He was the inventor of the syllogistic mode of reasoning, the principles of which he lays down in his work on logic. In his books on rhetoric, he has investigated the principles of eloquence with great accuracy and precision, inasmuch that they form the basis of all that has since been written on the subject. His work on poetics, or rather the fragment which has come down to us under that name, although almost intirely confined to the consideration of the drama, contains principles applicable to poetical composition in general, and is equally distinguished for precision and depth of thought. Those on ethics and politics are also remarkable productions; and although the former has been effectually superseded by a more perfect system, the latter contains much that is interesting, even at the present day. In his metaphysics, he expounds the doctrine of Being, abstracted from Matter, and speaks of a first mover—the life and intellect of the universe, eternal and immutable, but neither omnipresent nor omnipotent. When treating of physics, he does not in general lay down rules *a priori*, but deduces them from the observation and comparison of facts. This being the case, we might expect that such of his writings as relate to natural history should contain much truth. He holds that all terrestrial bodies are composed of four elements, earth, water, air, and fire. Earth and water are heavy, because they tend towards the earth's centre; while air and fire, which tend upwards, are light. Besides these four elements, he has admitted a fifth, of which the celestial objects were composed, and whose motion is always circular. He supposed that there is above the air, under the concave part of the moon, a sphere of fire to which all the flames ascend, as the brooks and rivers flow into the ocean. He maintains that matter is infinitely divisible; that the universe is full, and that there is no vacuum in nature; that the world is eternal; that the sun, which has always revolved as it does at present, will for ever continue to do so; and, finally, that the generations of men succeed one another without having had a beginning or foreseeing an end. He alleges that the heavens are incapable of decay; and that although sublunar things are subject to corruption, their parts nevertheless do not perish; that they only change place; that from the remains of one thing another is made; and that thus the mass of the world always remains intire. He holds that the earth is in the centre of the world, and that the First Being makes the skies revolve round the earth, by intelligences which are continually occupied with these motions. He asserts that all the globe which is now covered by the waters of the sea, was formerly dry land; and that what is now dry land will be again converted into water. The reason is this; the rivers and torrents are continually carrying along sand and earth,

which causes the shores gradually to advance and the sea gradually to retire; so that, in the course of innumerable ages, the alleged vicissitudes necessarily take place. He adds that in several parts which are considerably inland, and even of great elevation, the sea, when retiring, left shells, and that, on digging in the ground, anchors and fragments of ships are sometimes found. Ovid attributes the same opinion to Pythagoras. Aristotle further remarks, that these conversions of sea into land, and of land into sea, which gradually take place in the long lapse of ages, are in a great measure the cause of our ignorance of past occurrences. He adds that besides this, other accidents happen, which give rise even to the loss of the arts; and among these the innumerable pestilences, wars, famines, earthquakes, burnings, and desolations, which exterminate all the inhabitants of a country, excepting a few who escape and save themselves in the deserts, where they lead a savage life, and where they give origin to others, who, in the progress of time, cultivate the ground, and invent or rediscover the arts; and that the same opinions recur, and have been renewed times without number. In this manner, he maintains that, notwithstanding these vicissitudes and revolutions, the machine of the world always remains indestructible.—*Lives of Zoologists.*

A Lesson in Sentiment.—The deeds of their ancestors are painted on the great bridge of Lucerne; and, poor as the pictures are, they gave me pleasure. They must not be considered as works of art, but, as records of memorable acts, are highly honourable, for they nurture a glowing love of freedom. I might reply to any unseasonable critic in the words of Shakspeare, when the courtiers, in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' were despising the rude dialogue of Moonshine and Wall; and when Theseus made them this remarkable answer,—"The best of this kind are but shadows, and the worst of them are not worse, if imagination amend them."—*Matthison's Travels.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR best thanks to the Lady who forwarded us in so kind a manner the verses of Mr Landor, addressed to the President of the United States. We need not say how much we regret our inability to insert them in this unpolitical journal. We shall make ourselves and our readers amends however, by the further extracts we intend to give from his last volume of poetry.

Z. Z. next week. Also H. S.

VINDEX will see, by intimations to Correspondents in our two last numbers, that we mean to give no further occasion for the excitement of controversial topics.

The author of the sonnet "To a Friend labouring under severe Indisposition," &c. writes with excellent good sense and feeling, but his style is hardly original enough to do him justice, except in the striking line in which he speaks of "Fortitude, the giant of the heart."

We are not aware of any "cause of complaint" which our friend E. W. V. has with us, on the score of not answering Correspondents. We must really say that we take ourselves to be very well-behaved in that matter. The circumstance he notices with regard to some of the shops, has often astonished us; but we cannot discuss the subject in this Journal, the object of which is to point out the beautiful, and not to contend with the deformed.

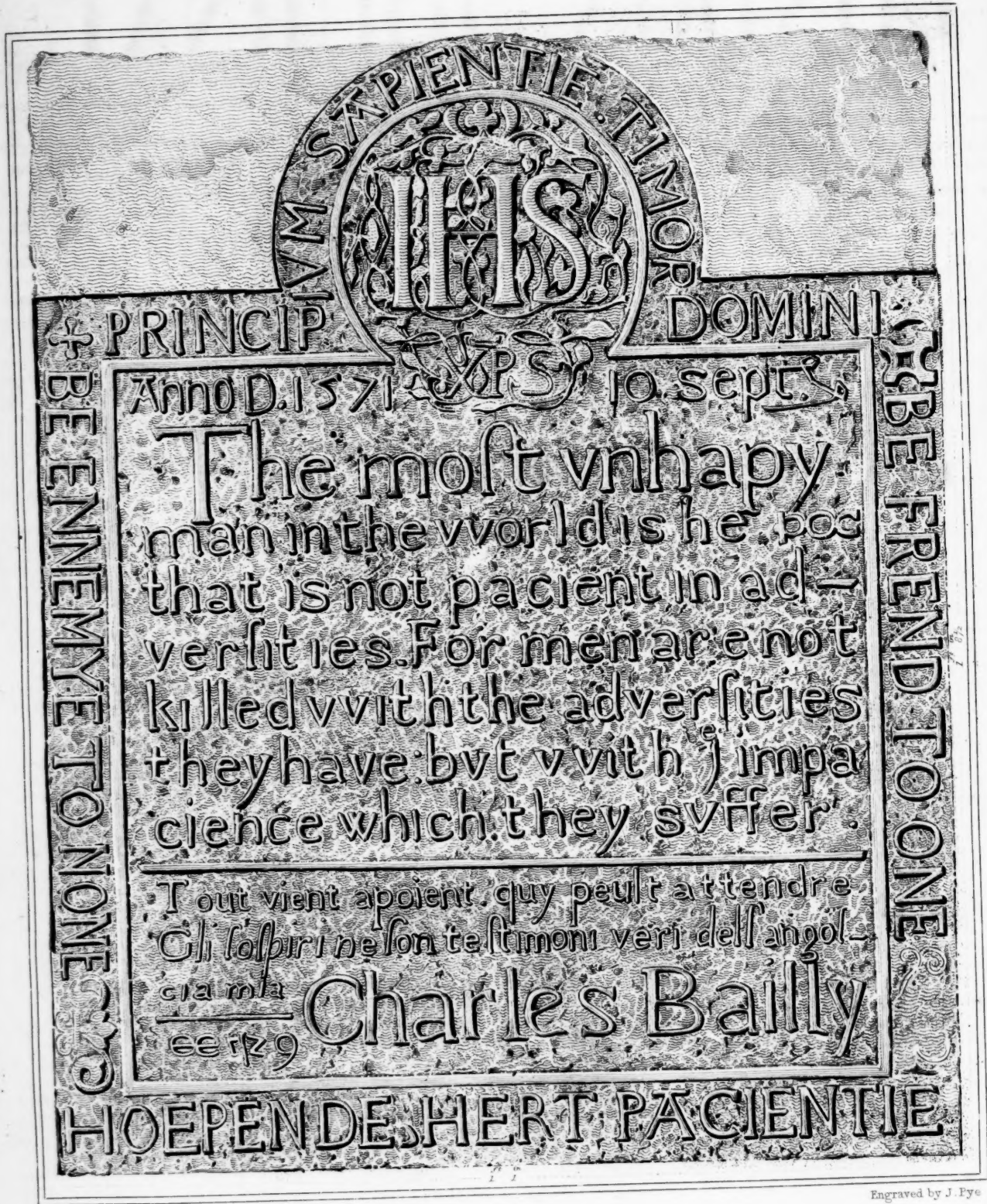
H. R.'s feelings are genuine; and his love of poetry truth cultivating, at his leisure. He, and our other young friend TENTATOR, should read the old English poets, that they may learn to care less for conventional styles, and the mere fitting of one line to another.

We will endeavour to do what F. H. wishes.

Thanks to F. ST JON. N., for his pleasant letter. We shall be happy to hear from him on the subject he speaks of. Meantime, a letter containing a query is left for him at Mr Hooper's, if he will be good enough to apply for it. Also another for our esteemed Correspondent, PEREGRINE REDDEN, if he will take the same trouble.

In consequence of a letter we have received from the fair writer, it is proper to state that the verses to Flowers, inserted a few weeks back from her pen, were not intended by her to be signed with her name at length, but only with the initials I. J. T. It was our own doing,—the putting the name at length. We wished to let the reader know that they were written by a lady, and did not consider that one of the Christian names would have been sufficient.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East. From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Pultney-street.



Drawn by F. Nash.

Engraved by J. Fye

INSCRIPTION OF CHARLES BAILLY, IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.